



home from Paris to some city in the West. As their guest for the day he was to attend the cotillon and listen to the fulsome flattery of young swains and bachelors, who would fall prey to his charms of face and figure—incidentally to the fortune.

He consented, and for days in ad-

dressing room, where the wraps were removed and the conventionalities of the evening were exchanged. Then the grand descent upon the ball room floor was begun, where the conquests of the evening were to be made.

At last one well-known and wealthy bachelor was more fortunate than the rest, and, proudly taking her arm, went below with a select little party to dine. The sisters in the meantime had always hovered near their visitor in the dreadful fear that "he" might make some awful blunder and disclose

his suit, gasped and almost fell backward. The guests began to comprehend, and to the horror of the boy and his two sisters, broke into hilarious laughter. "Jig's up," the masquerader ironically remarked as his sisters ran to him, and, catching him by the arm, scurried to the dressing room, grabbed the wraps, and hurriedly entered.

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